

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17.
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING
EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.
Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,
83,389,828.
Average per Day for Entire Year.
228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1881.
Yearly Total, Daily Average.
1882..... 8,335,157 22,831
1883..... 12,325,228 33,541
1884..... 24,189,783 66,273
1885..... 31,241,387 84,223
1886..... 70,126,041 192,126
1887..... 83,389,828 228,465

Sunday World's Record:
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During
the Last Two Years.
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1885 was 166,686
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724
The average circulation of the
Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267
Amount of White Paper used during the Five
Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:
Year. Pounds. Cents.
1882..... 1,432,929 1,432,929
1883..... 1,432,929 1,432,929
1884..... 1,432,929 1,432,929
1885..... 1,432,929 1,432,929
1886..... 1,432,929 1,432,929

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE WAR IS OVER.
The confirmation of Mr. LAMAR as a Justice
of the Supreme Court ought to be accepted as
a final certificate of the fact that the war
which ended twenty-three years ago is really
"over."
No more illogical or unpatriotic stand was
ever taken by a political party than that as-
sumed by the Republican Senators in resist-
ing the confirmation of Mr. LAMAR upon the
old sectional ground.
The war would indeed have been a failure
if the people who were compelled to resume their
places in the Union were to be held
indefinite to any of the duties and responsi-
bilities of citizenship.

A PRETTY SAFE GUESS.
It would not strengthen either the Demo-
cratic Administration or the Democratic
party to remove Postmaster FRANKSON, of this
city, for partisan reasons alone.
The people of this city have enjoyed too
long the benefits of a business administration
of this business office to see with patience its
reconversion into a political machine.
We guess it won't be done.

A NEWS INCIDENT.
The theatrical tragedy of a girl killing her-
self over the body of her wounded lover,
which we commented on yesterday as so very
unlike Massachusetts happenings, turned out
to be untrue.
As all the papers printed the story, which
came through a regular news channel, there
is a silence concerning it that is truly golden
in those of our contemporaries that are wont
to pounce with "ghoulish glee" upon any
inaccuracies that appear in THE WORLD
alone.
When all the papers are deceived it is an
"imposition." When one is misled it is a
"fake." We advise our carping contemporaries
to devote some leisure half hour to being
ashamed of themselves.

AFTER BROADWAY.
The Broadway grabbers turn up again in
Albany, as reported by THE WORLD's sharp-
eyed correspondent.
The Broadway saviors will need to keep
their eyes open and their representatives
active if they prevent the great thoroughfare
from being seized for an elevated road.
No more makeshifts on stilts are wanted.
But to prevent them real rapid transit must
be provided.

The stories of the police captains in THE
EVENING WORLD are appreciated by "the
force" as well as by the rest of the public,
as the interviews in another column show.
They prove again that "truth is stranger
than fiction." Why need story-writers go on
inventing fictions when such graphic and
thrilling facts are at hand?

Gen. Woodford's daughters, of Brooklyn,
moved themselves from serious injury and
wonderful death, and set an excellent example
to the sex—to both sexes, in fact—by stick-
ing to the carriage when their horses ran
away, instead of doing the too common
jumping act.

Mr. OUTWATER is promptly on hand with
another "Pacific Railway Refunding Bill."
What the country would like to see is a Pa-
cific railway recouping bill.

Bloody-shirt BILLY, the fresh Senator from
New Hampshire, made a melancholy failure
of his too previous attempt to boss the United
States Senate.

The Young Men's Democratic Club in-
dorses the President's Message in favor of
tariff reform. There's no Old Whiggery
there.

Capital is "recognizing labor" in Penn-
sylvania in spite of Oscar Cox's unkind-
ness. The locomotives have been compelled to

resort to the use of soft coal, and manufac-
turing and other business interests are begin-
ning to share in the distress. Better
arbitrate!

The "L" road's fifth recent narrow escape
from a serious disaster would seem to prove
that the way to get rich and keep rich is to be
born lucky.

THE POLICE CAPTAINS' STORIES.

Supt. Murray—I think the idea is an excellent
one, and the stories are full of general interest.
Inspector Byrnes—The captains of police are de-
cidedly literary.
Inspector Steers—The public can see that cap-
tains are not idle in their precincts and are pos-
sessed also of mighty good sense.

Inspector Williams—"Oh, that mine enemy
would write a book," was not said of police cap-
tains.

Inspector Conlin—It is a splendid idea, and the
stories are read by the entire force. I watch for
them with very great interest.

Chief Clerk George Hopper—No one can deny
that the captains know a thing or two.

Chief Clerk Peterson—It was a capital idea on the
part of THE EVENING WORLD, and the captains are
showing that they know a thing or two.

Property Clerk Harriot—There is no lost property
in those stories by police captains, either to the cap-
tains or THE EVENING WORLD.

Sergt. Lonsdale, Twentieth street—I like the
idea and appreciate the stories very much. I am
especially interested in the story by Capt. McEl-
wain.

Policeman Hugh Gaffney, Twentieth street—I
think the stories very clever indeed. You can bet
that I will read them all.

Policeman Hackett, Prince street—It is a great
idea, and, one, I think, that will be appreciated by
the force, inasmuch as these stories have a ten-
dency to educate the men in smart detective work.

Policeman O'Neill, Prince street—I think the idea
of publishing them immense, and like the stories
very much. Give me THE EVENING WORLD every
evening now.

Capt. McCullagh, Fifth street—I have been read-
ing the stories with great interest and like them.

Sergt. Gallagher, Fifth street—Good, interesting
reading is my opinion of the stories, and I think
they could be studied with much profit by the police.

Policeman Patrick Bolger, Fifth street—I have
read them all and like them very much.

Sergt. Kelly, Delancey street—Great stories. I
am very much interested in them.

Sergt. Dahlgren, Eldridge street—I and the
stories very interesting and read them with
pleasure.

Honorable Henry Harburt, Eldridge street—
The stories are very instructive and entertaining.
I have read them all thus far.

Doorman George Eastman, Eldridge street—
Great idea to publish these stories.

Capt. Nevin, Church street—Well worth reading.

Sergt. Lamer, Church street—Very good, indeed.

Sergt. Thompson, steamboat squad—Very able
stories.

Sergt. Firth, police-boat patrol—Very interest-
ing; got one laid aside now to read.

Detective Wood, police-boat patrol—Splendid.
We all read them.

Sergt. Herlihy, Leonard street—Capital.

Sergt. Heape, Church street—Very well told.

Sergt. Devoe, East Thirty-fifth street—There
is no doubt that the people are done good on these
police stories.

Policeman Hartigan, Yorkville Police Court—
They make good reading.

Policeman Barnes, Yorkville Police Court—Very
interesting. I have some remembrance of this
jewelry store case myself.

WORLDLINGS.

Fionter, the Standard Oil magnate, is said to have
given away \$1,000,000 in charity during the last
five years.

O. J. Stough, of Chicago, paid \$80,000 for 400
acres of land near San Diego, Cal., a year ago and
last week he sold one-quarter of it for \$857,000.

A New Orleans newspaper says that the millions
of pickaninnies seen around the cotton gin at the
South furnish a complete refutation of the theory
that the negro race in America is dying out.

A man who wanted to advertise in the Worcester
Spy for a "fawn-colored bull terrier pup" was
surprised to find that the compositor had made him
advertise for a "fire alarm bell tower key."

An Orlando (Fla.) newspaper man has substituted
a pair of sand-bill cranes for watch dogs, and he
fnds that their loud, clear note of warning when a
tramp or a burglar comes near is as effective
means of protection.

The thermometer has ranged pretty low in Mon-
tana thus far this winter, but probably the coldest
day ever known in the Territory was New Year's
day, 1865, when the mercury at Poplar River fell
to 68 degrees below zero.

England has thirty-four judges who are each in
receipt of a salary ranging from \$45,000 to \$50,000,
and together draw \$210,000 a year from the Treas-
ury. The eighty judges in the courts of the United
States are paid from \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year, an ag-
gregate of \$315,000.

The Russo-Greek Church of San Francisco will
soon have a bishop in the person of Bishop
Vladimir, of St. Petersburg. He was for many
years engaged in missionary work in Japan and
has recently held the position of Inspector of the
Theological Seminary at St. Petersburg.

The coldest place in the West is said to be the
little town of Hallack, on the Central Pacific Rail-
way. It is built at the very bottom of a valley that
extends the north nearly to the Arctic circle, and
railroad men say that this valley acts as a great
natural wind pipe which brings the coldest blasts of
the North Pole straight down to the lonely village.

Among the students at Oberlin College is a young
negro whose expenses are paid by Phil Amos.

The story goes that the pork king met him in a
palace car during an Eastern trip and, noticing
that he had a well-thumbed ruler in his hand,
offered him \$25 if he could spell out ten lines be-
fore the train reached New York. The boy suc-
ceeded in his task and has ever since enjoyed the
millionaire's bounty.

Seen on TOMPKINS SQUARE.

Act I.—Mr. Smith, having discovered a new use
for a dog, arranges a neat scheme to capture some
succulent bones from the baker's boy.

Act II.—The scheme works beautifully, and Mr.
Smith helps himself to the coveted bones.

The Interest Increases Apace.

The widespread popular interest in THE EVEN-
ING WORLD's remarkable police captains' series
will be further increased by Capt. John McEl-
wain's contribution to-morrow. His story is en-
titled "Eddie, a Criminal at Large."

Well Utilized.

The people of Buffalo offer \$100,000 for a success-
ful plan for utilizing Niagara Falls. But the Falls
are so well "utilized" already that it costs a man
other more than that sum to see 'em.

SAM LEE'S CREESE.

A Cherry Street Tragedy.
BY
POLICE CAPT. ALLAIRE,
Formerly of the Eldridge Street Station, now of
the Broadway Squad.

PART II.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."] ROM CHIN the only in-

formation that threw any light on the case was obtained. I will give his story without attempting to imitate his pigeon English.

"Yang Fon was a very nice man," he said, "who boarded with Sam Lee. He paid \$2 a week for his board. Sam and his wife always got on well enough. Sam got home from a voyage to Rio the morning of the day the murders took place. When he came in Mrs. Lee, whose name was Nellie, was sitting in Yang Fon's room talking with him. She was pleased enough to see her husband, but he seemed sulky and vexed at something or other. He wouldn't say much to Yang, who went out pretty soon.

"Sam had brought a bag full of things up with him from the boat. Out of this bag he took the sharp dagger, which he had picked up while he was away, at some place or other. He put it on a chair in his room.

"He was restless, and kept moving around, and once or twice I saw his black eyes rest on Mrs. Lee, and then he would move about some more. She didn't take much notice of him, because he was a very quiet man, and sometimes used to go for hours without saying anything.

"The Poll was a bird which he had brought back with him from one of his voy-
ages. He used to be very fond of the bird, and when he was ashore took care of him giving him his water and things to eat. He would sit and watch it pull itself up by its beak and then twist it head around and squint at him with its yellow eye.

"He tried to teach him some Chinese words, but the parrot was slow, or Sam didn't repeat them often enough. Anyway Poll didn't learn any of them. Nellie, she didn't take to the bird and used to call it names.

"I was sitting in the room in the forenoon. Sam had been watching the bird. All at once the bird stuck his head forward and said: 'Yang likee Nellie. Ha, ha, ha!'

"This was the first time the parrot had ever said these words, though he had learned to imitate a laugh, and often used to give it out in a harsh, rough way, as if he were making fun of a fellow.

"Yang Fon was a nice, pleasant fellow and used to like to talk with Nellie. He didn't talk much, but he used to say: 'Yang likee Nellie,' and Nellie would laugh at him and tell him he was a goose.

"The parrot had picked up the phrase from Yang, but this was the first time he had ever used it. When Sam heard it and the laugh that came after it, and sounded so much like making fun of him, he sprang up from his chair, ran into his room and caught hold of the dagger. He came back, opened the bird's cage and held up his hand. Poll was used to his fooling with it and stuck forward his head slowly to catch hold of his finger. Sam caught him by the neck, jerked him out of the cage, and with a stroke of the dagger cut its head clean off and flung it into the room where Nellie was at work wetting down some linen.

"It sort of frightened her, I guess, to see how savagely her husband treated the bird. I don't know whether she noticed what the bird had said. She only said: 'Oh, Sam, what did you do that for? Serv'd the old thing right, though.'

"Sam was more fidgety than before after this. He took the dagger back into his room, wiped it and stuck it in an inside belt that he wore, so that it was over his hip. Then he came out and kicked the bird over towards the stove.

"I didn't like the way he went around mut-
tering to himself, and I told Nellie I was going out, and wouldn't be back before evening. She said 'All right, Chin,' and I went.

"When I came back to Cherry street about 7 o'clock, some of the boys in the street said: 'What's the matter with John? He's been around pretty cross, and has been filling up the saloons.' So Sam was probably worse than ever when he went home.

"I said I didn't know. Guess he was feeling out of sorts. I concluded I wouldn't go into the house until it was time for me to go to bed, because I didn't want to see him carrying on like that, and I didn't like the way he had cut Poll's head off. He looked so savage while he was doing it. So I went with some of the other boys around to a store on the street.

"I saw Yang Fon going into the house soon after I got back. He was later than usual. I told him to look out for Sam, and told him what he had done to the parrot and the kind of dagger he had. Yang laughed and said he wasn't afraid of his doing anything bad—that he was a quiet fellow. Then he went upstairs.

"I waited down some time longer. I saw the lamp lit, and that seemed as if things were going all right. Nellie used to come out on the sidewalk sometimes in the evening. But the first night after Sam getting home she may not have cared to leave him and go away.

"About ten minutes after 9 I concluded to go up. Yang and I slept in the room where Nellie did her washing during the day. We had our meals in the front room and the room next to that was Sam's and his wife's.

"I walked up the stairs slowly and had got to the landing. When I turned to go up the last five steps I stopped a moment to look into the room.

"Nellie was sitting at the table and Yang was next to her. Sam was not in sight. Their backs were to the other room. While I was looking and thinking I had been a fool to get scared, as Sam had probably turned in and was sleeping all the sounder for the liquor he

had taken, Yang must have said something that amused Nellie, for she laughed.

"It was her laugh that the parrot had learned, and it was a good deal like hers, only that the parrot seemed to be making fun of a fellow.

"I had put my foot on the first stair and was going up thinking everything was all right since they were talking and laughing, and Sam had turned in, when I saw him rush on them with a dagger raised in his right hand.

"He stabbed Yang in the back five or six times as fast as he could. It didn't take half a minute, he was so quick about it. Yang gave a groan and tumbled to the floor.

"Nellie had not realized at first what was done. But as she saw her husband driving the dirk into poor Yang like lightning she saw that his bad temper had broken out. She sprang to her feet, but did not give any cry. I guess she thought she might slip around Sam without his noticing it, while he was so busy with Yang, and slide downstairs and get away. That is the reason she did not scream, I think.

"But Sam noticed her, and gave a side stroke with the knife which went right into her breast. The blood spouted out, and then she screamed and started for the stairs. Sam struck so fast with the dagger that he hit her three or four times before she got away. He didn't try to hold her. He counted on getting in his work better by being so quick in sticking.

If the schedule of the Board of Apportionment is followed there are only twelve places outside of the Clerk and Deputy Clerk at the disposal of the twenty Aldermen. Thus eight Aldermen would have to be left out in the cold if the plans were carried by a drawing out of a hat.

The result is that the twenty Aldermen have made up their minds that the proper thing to do would be to apportion the \$12,500 among the would-be clerks and to pick out \$400 from the salaries of the Clerk and Deputy Clerk to throw into a grab bag or general clerical fund. But a doubt exists as to the power of the Aldermen to change the schedule promulgated by the Board of Apportionment.

The question has been referred to Corpora-
tion Counsel Beekman. It appears that he is on record as having taken the position that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has the sole power to fix the number of Aldermanic clerks and their stated salaries. As President of the Board of Aldermen, he was a member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of 1887. To be consistent he would now, as the law adviser, be compelled to render the same opinion.

As the matter now stands, the new Board of Aldermen has only two clerks and a deputy. The twenty Aldermen are kept busy figuring on this problem:

On this problem:
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